He wrung *Bassanios* hand, and so they parted.

Sol. I thinke hee onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
and quicken his embraced heauines
vvith some delight or other.

Sal. Doe we so. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Nerrissa* and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick *I* pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
and comes to his election presently.

Enter *Arrogon*, his trayne, and *Portia.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
yf you choose that wherein I am containd
straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
but if you faile, without more speech my Lord
you must be gone from hence immediatly.

Arra. I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things,
First, neuer to vnfold to any one
vvhich casket twas *I* chose; next, if I faile
of the right casket, neuer in my life
to wooe a maide in way of marriage:
lastly, if *I* doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
immediatly to leaue you, and be gone.

Por. To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare
that comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Arr. And so haue I addrest me, fortune now
To my harts hope: gold, siluer, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire,
What many men desire, that many may be meant
by the foole multitude that choose by show,
not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
which pries not to th'interiour, but like the Martlet

builds

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou siluer treasure house,
Tell me once more what title thou doost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues,
And well sayde to; for who shall goe about
To cosen Fortune, and be honourable
vvithout the stampe of merrit, let none presume
To weare an vndeserued dignity:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
vvere not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
vvere purchast by the merrit of the wearer,
How many then should couer that stand bare?
How many be commaunded that commaund?
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honour? and how much honour
Pickt from the chaft and ruin of the times,
To be new varnist; well but to my choise.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues,
I will assume desert; giue me a key for this,
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes heere.

Portia. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Arrag. What's heere, the pourtrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a shedule, I will reade it:
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deseruings.
Who chooseth me, shall haue as much as he deserues?
Did I deserue no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?

Portia. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Arrag. What is heere?

The fier seauen times tried this,
Seauen times tried that iudement is,